

Engraving 6,000 Years Old
AN engraving approximately 6,000 years old was discovered recently in Wales. Upon the plaque are a number of triangular symbols dating from Neolithic times probably by workmen of the Iberian race.

Magazine Page

This Day in History
THIS is the anniversary of assassination, in 1793, of Jean Paul Marat, by Charlotte Corday. Marat was one of the ablest of the revolutionists of that time and regarded as the "martyr of the people."

THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discover His Wife is in Love With Another Man and Battles to Keep Her Love

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

By Gouverneur Morris
Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and "Other Notable Fictions."

"I'd rather die." There was a pang of sudden hopeless grief in Manners' voice.

"When a man loves his wife," said Mrs. Herriot, "he is all kinds of a fool to let her divorce him. He ought not to for her sake."

"But suppose the man's wife is desperately in love with some one else?"

"Oh, that!" said Mrs. Herriot skeptically.

In theory Manners would have stood torture sooner than discuss intimate family affairs with a light woman, and already he felt that he had said too much, and at the same time he was curious to know just what the point of view of a woman like Mrs. Herriot would be. With a sudden burst of confidence she enlightened him.

"Men," she said, "always want to know how the woman they're with first happened to go wrong. Women are always prepared to answer that question. Sometimes they say one thing, sometimes another. That's because it's always easy to make up something grander than the truth."

"The most notorious woman likes to believe that she would have been okeh if she hadn't had such bad luck that nobody could possibly make head against it. Would you like it if I told you about me? You've never asked or even hinted. I think I'd like to tell you."

"What—one thing or the other?"

"You know better. The truth. Knowing the truth from the woman's point of view might help you more than any amount of good advice."

"I'd love to know all about you," said Manners.

"I was crazy about the man I married," began Mrs. Herriot abruptly, "and he was crazy about me. He was a one-woman man. He'd never really liked anybody but me. And I guess for a while we were just about as happy as two people can be. We'd be happy right now if I'd had any sense."

"One trouble was I had nothing to do but keep house. We had a tiny house, and it was easy to keep. But I guess even big houses aren't as hard to keep as women like to make out. It used to take me about an hour and a half or two hours a day at the very most. I never liked sewing or sitting around gossiping or reading, and so the rest of the day when my husband was downtown I had nothing much to do except kill time the best way I could."

Independent, Little Fool.

"I tried to learn golf and tennis, but I was rotten at them. My husband bought me a pony and I took some riding lessons, but I had a fall and lost my sand. I don't quite know how it began, but I got playing with a little crowd at the country club that were pretty gay. The men didn't have to work and the women didn't want to stay put. They laughed at everything that was serious, and pretended they didn't care what happened. Most of that was bluff; but it took me in. I got silly ideas about men and women and children. When I found that I was going to have a baby I was ashamed to go around with the crowd any more. And I stayed home eating my heart out thinking of the good times they were having and what bad luck I'd had."

"But one of the men used to drop in to see me real often. I didn't mind him. He never seemed to notice that I wasn't looking my best. He was full of fun and would always make me laugh. First thing I knew I was thinking about that man often more than about my own husband. And I read some books we had in the house about the great loves of history. It seemed to me beautiful for a married woman to have a lover who wasn't a lover, but just a spiritual affinity."

"I guess a good many women have that idea," Manners interrupted.

Grander Than Truth.

"All women at some time or other. I know a girl whose ideal of happiness was to get married first and find a real mate afterward. Silly fool! After my baby was born my husband got into some things that kept him from home more than ever. He not only had to go to town every day and stay late, but he had to make long trips to other cities."

"We had more and more money to spend, but I had more and more time to kill. And the man hung around more and more. He made me think I was neglected and unhappy before I'd ever thought of such a thing. Then he said he was making me conspicuous by our all the time being seen together. And after that I used to meet him in town and we'd have lunch at quiet places where we weren't likely to see people we knew."

"And sometimes, just to prove to myself that I didn't give a darn what other people thought, I'd go to his rooms for tea. I was just as independent little fool, thinking worse. Well, my husband found out and cut up something awful."



Mary Hastings Tells Her Husband She Has Given Frank Drugged Wine to Keep Him From Shooting Diana and Fenn.

He told me to drop the man at once, and for good, or he'd kill him. I told him I loved the man with all my heart and soul, that he was good and strong, and would never neglect me, and I wanted to be free to marry him.

"My husband asked me once and for all would I give up the man or wouldn't I? And I said I'd die first."

My husband said then give him a few days to think things over, and in the meanwhile for God's sake not to do anything I'd always regret. But he didn't take any time

Motion Pictures of This Serial Will Be Shown at Loew's Columbia This Week

to think things over. He got a piece of lead pipe out of the cellar and he went straight to the man's rooms and waited till the man came in. I didn't know at the time. And I kept writing and telephoning; but the man kept out of the way.

"One day I met him face to face in the street, but he just hurried by and pretended not to see me. There was some mystery about it. My husband did something awful to him. And he nearly died of it. And he couldn't bring an action against my husband, because it would involve my name and because he was ashamed to."

Hurt Each Other.

"But my husband and I never really got back to first principles; we'd each hurt the other too much. And I fell in love again, and my husband was bored and tired by that time, and he let me go. He furnished grounds and let me have our little boy for my reputation's sake and paid big alimony. But he warned me what would happen. He said that big stiff you're crazy about is notorious. He doesn't want to marry you. See? He was right."

"First, he couldn't be married till he'd rounded up some business in the West; then it was because his aunt who was dying didn't believe in divorces and he was afraid she'd change her will. But he fooled me. I trusted him absolutely."

When I found out that I'd been fooled, it wasn't the being fooled that hurt most; but thinking about my husband, and how I'd hurt him and ruined him, just because I was vain and ruthless and couldn't stay put.

I'd have given anything in God's world to go back to him; but I'd been fooled to the limit and couldn't even ask. Then he died. And that was the end of the alimony and everything. His brother offered me a little allowance on condition that I'd give up my little boy to him, change my name, and live dead so far as the family was concerned. I'm just a typical case."

Having told her career Mrs. Herriot became infatuated with the subject, and embellished it with many details and comments. And she tried, of course, naming no names, to draw a parallel between herself and Diana Manners.

"We women," she concluded, "always end by learning our lesson; but most always it's too late to be any practical good. Do you think if I had my chance over again that I wouldn't stick? Nine times out of ten it's the women like me, women that men don't marry (unless they are drunk), who would make the most faithful wives. We've learned the beauty and value of faithfulness."

Manners looked at his watch. It was already 6 o'clock.

"The gentlemen in the other taxi," he thought, "have had a long wait."

CHAPTER XVII.

Frank Manners did not see Diana for a number of days. Nor did he see Mrs. Herriot nor any one whom he could avoid seeing. He was in a state of moral and mental anguish. It would have been better to have cheated the law. Anything would have been better than to have so snatched and lowered himself in his own eyes.

Diana was his wife. Whether she abandoned him or not, that was a fact which could not be altered. He had taken her for better or for worse. He had gone back on his oath. He was a perjurer. More and more clearly he realized that his whole course had been wrong.

"From the moment I learned about Fenn," he thought, "I have done the wrong thing every time there was a chance to do anything."

(To be continued tomorrow.)
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The Woman of Today
HOW DOES SHE COMPARE WITH HER MOTHER?

By Beatrice Fairfax

Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Life.

"Do you think the woman of today cares anything at all for simple pleasures and simple folks?" asks Roy. "Is she in any way to be compared with the mothers who baked and sewed and kept large families in order and didn't want to spend their days running to the movies and playing bridge?"

"If you were a young fellow earning \$75 dollars a week, wouldn't you fight shy of marriage when you knew in the bottom of your heart that the chances were all against getting a girl who'd take any interest in helping you save and build up a future?"

Now I've a notion that the girl of today is just as deserving of the devotion and loyalty of a man as was her mother or her grandmother, but she's afraid to be the simple, homey creature her forbears were for fear the jazz-mad youth of today will pass her by. Here's the other side of the state shown by a letter from Elmor. She writes:

"What chance has the quiet, unpretentious girl who dresses simple and doesn't make up or wear dresses to the theatre or dinner or given any consideration of men, what is there for her to do but lower her standards a little in order to get her share of youth and enjoyment?"

"Men don't care for the fine qualities their fathers were looking for. So, do you condemn the girl who tries to meet the popular demand and to make herself attractive according to the best—or worst—modern standards?"

These letters and the dozens like them which come to me make me sadly wonder if youth today isn't building up the most elaborate set of misunderstandings ever conceived by the human mind. Girls think men like cheapness and obvious lure and the easy appeal to the senses. So they lower their standards and cater to the least worthy qualities in man.

Men grow accustomed to having their senses stimulated and their mind neglected. The path of least resistance is the way to take and the result is—what?—a girl who forgets that they have minds and souls in addition to emotions.

FOR LOVE :: An Absorbing Romance :: By RUBY M. AYRES

"I DID ask him—" "You asked him . . . ?" Philip's voice was furious. Eva stood still. She felt as if she were at the end of her tether. It was agony to be with Philip and keep up the pretense; she could hardly believe that it was her own voice speaking as she broke out: "I am not going to be ordered about by you. I am not going to be dictated to as to my choice of friends. I haven't bothered you—I never ask what you do, or who you spend your time with. I've kept my share of the bargain, and you've no right to expect anything more."

"You're my wife, and I've a right to object to your allowing Calligan or any other man to make love to you. . . . If I'd known this before he left the house . . ."

"How dare you!" Eva was trembling all over, her hands were clenched; she felt as if she could have struck him; to add insult to injury like this. He was not content with having wounded her to the quick once, but must needs strike again.

Her voice rose in passionate trembling. "If you ever dare to say a thing like that to me again," she said sobbingly, "I'll leave you and never come back again as long as I live. . . ."

Her voice broke, and she turned and ran blindly from him into the darkness. There was no intention in her mind except to get away; to put distance between herself and Philip; but she ran on and out of the gate and down the road until, breathless and worn out, she had to stop. A sudden dread of the Highway House and everything to do with it overwhelmed her. She had looked forward to so much happiness within its walls, and the few days that she had spent there had seemed like an eternity of desolation.

Presently she went on again blindly sobbing as she went. It was unconsciously that her feet carried her towards her father's house. She went round the garden to a side door which she knew was generally unfastened. As she reached it it was opened from inside and Peter came out.

He did not see his sister, but she called his name faintly as he would have passed her.

He pulled up shortly. "Eva! Good heavens!" he groined through the darkness and found her hand, drawing it through his arm. "I was thinking about you," he said; and now there was a sort of self-consciousness in his voice. "I want to tell you something—you so seldom come over. . . . He seemed struck by her silence. He bent towards her, trying to see her face. "Is anything the matter?" he asked quickly.

"No—no . . . but I wanted to see you, too, Peter. Why don't you ever come over to us?"

"He laughed rather constrainedly. "I never feel at home with the Winterdicks," he said candidly. "They're too grand for me . . . Oh,

Chance For All Girls
BE A FINE, RADIANT, FEMININE SOUL.

By W. A. McKeever

MY young girl friend, why do you shrink before the hard conditions that may surround your life? By your own determination and effort you may become superior to the trials which beset your path, and you may weave them into a career that is an inspiration to those of your class and a glory unto your own soul.

A motherless girl of sixteen, seven years ago, was waiting on tables at a hotel, when a vision came to her as suggested above. She continued with the hotel work part time for four years and, paid her way through high school. After being graduated with credit she went to teach in a country school. The money earned here enabled her to spend a year in college and to be promoted to a town school at \$140 per month. Now the board of education is renewing her contract at \$155 per month.

But here is the thing that will surprise you, my haughty girl friend. The young school teacher is spending a month of the summer back at the old dining room appointment, and all in furtherance of her purpose of becoming a graduate of one of the big universities three years hence. She will have as a reward of her effort both position and honor.

First get a place to work—kitchen, dining-room, restaurant, sewing, clerking, or what not; anything that is respectable. There you will at once secure self-respect.

Second, resolve to do your work superbly. No matter how plain the task put your mind and soul into it, and it will return unto you an abundance of blessings—the good things of life. The favor, the will of all around you, the favorable attention of your employers and some kind of promotion.

Third, be a genial friend of those about you, especially some other girl who may be discouraged. Help her to emulate you, to be strong, clean and courageous. Every time you give yourself thus freely in service of another the Lord of Life fills you with tenfold of spiritual strength and insight.

This blessing, this knowledge of your own inner goodness, gives you a delightful sense of superiority over the trouble and turmoil that weigh upon the weaker souls around you.

Fourth, save a little money every week you are employed for furthering your education, for looking about, for the establishing of a small independent income to supplement your salary.

Fifth, watch out for a life mate. Your thoughts will lead you here, as they have done elsewhere. Prepare yourself in body, mind and spirit for the right kind of soul companion. Visualize him, think and dream and pray reverently in respect to his coming. And let him come to abide with you, thus confirming again for you the great law of the life of the Spirit.

Be a fine, radiant, feminine soul, my girl.

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was not too proud of having written "Treasure Island." He used to grumble that so much of his reputation rested on a book for boys that, he declared, cost him less labor and contained less originality and more unconscious plagiarism than anything else he ever wrote.

Once he told how he came to write it. His confidant was V. E. Clarke, head of the Anglican mission at Apia, who retells the story in the Yale Review.

"Stevenson," he says, "was on a visit to his father's home near Balmoral Castle, in Scotland. The weather was bad, and he and his schoolboy stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, were confined to the house. To amuse the boy, 'R. L. S.' drew pictures in pen and ink, which the boy colored from a box of paints."

"They pinned the pictures on the nursery wall, and when the boys' friends assembled in the afternoon, R. L. S., playing the part of showman, improvised a story to suit each picture. An island figured in one of the yarns, so R. L. S. drew a map out, carefully elaborating an outline of the bays and the harbors."

"The story of 'Treasure Island' was all woven around the map. R. L. S. declared that his unconscious

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax
WHICH SHALL SHE CHOOSE?
EAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-two, well acquainted with two young men. The time has arrived when I must decide between them.

One has a temper, is very decisive, has not enough money to support a wife comfortably, and is a steady worker. At one time he had very bad habits, but sincere efforts that I made to reform him have been successful. His one aim is to see me happy, regardless of the effect on him. I think I love him, but hesitate on account of his financial condition.

The other young man has a pleasing personality, is ambitious, has very few bad habits, but a will and a way of his own, at times, when he delights in making others miserable.

Both these young men are of different religions than I. The first, however, is willing to accept my views, while the second is prejudiced.

My folks object to both, for one reason or another, and therefore I cannot seek advice from them.

Puzzled.

Evidently you are not in love—that is, in love deeply enough to call it such in the true sense. My advice would be for you to wait until there is no doubt in your heart as to which of these men you want to marry.

More Prize Recipes

EGGLESS PINEAPPLE CAKE.
1 cup sugar.
1/4 cup butter.
1 cup milk.
2 cups flour.
4 teaspoons baking powder.

Eggless Filling.
1 cup sugar.
1 tablespoon of butter.
1/2 cup milk.
5 teaspoons corn starch, with very little milk to moisten.
4 slices pineapple, chopped fine, and a sprinkle of cinnamon.—MRS. A. McP. HAMBY, 1447 Chapin street, northwest.

CHEAP CAKE.
Without butter, eggs or milk.
1-1/2 raisins, boil in 2 cups water 15 minutes, then add:
1/2 cup lard.
1 cup cold water.
2 cups granulated sugar.
1 teaspoon cloves (ground).
1 teaspoon cinnamon (ground).
1 teaspoon salt.
1/2 nutmeg (grated).
1 tablespoon baking soda.
4 cups flour.

Bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes. To beiced with a plain boiled icing.—MRS. A. B. PEAPER, 124 Galen street southeast.

BOBBIE AND HIS PA
By William F. Kirk

PA & Ma & me has been living up to the lake the last few days, there is a little bit of a town there & Pa sed Wife, sed Pa. I have a noshun for to pitch out tent here for the rest of our natural life, sed Pa. Not on yure natural life, sed Ma.

Do you meen that the lure of the city calls to you? sed Pa.

There is no lure about it, sed Ma, but I want to spend part of my time were I can see the nice stoars, sed Ma, & the luvly theaters & shops, sed Ma.

I had hoped that you yud be willing to nessel close to Nater's hart from now on, sed Pa.

I yud nessel there longer than you yud, sed Ma. About the second week neer to Nater's hart, sed Ma, you yud be talking the trane & spending yure time in the city, leaving Bobbie & I to heer the crickets singing to thare mates, sed Ma, & the bull-frog chirping to his Finnity, sed Ma.

Bull frogs doant chirp, sed Pa, thay croke, sed Pa, & I doant blame them for croking if thay have many affintys, sed Pa. Affintys only makes trubbel.

That is why I yud fane be away from all them seens of skandil & law suites & skeemink, sed Pa. As the grate Boston poet, O'Reilly, onst sed:

So from the roar & bussel,
From the troys of mart & stage
I yud fly to the woods low russel
& the meadow's kindly page.
It sounds fine, sed Ma, but you yud want stick. You yud pine away among the pines, sed Ma.

I yud like to try it for a spell, speashully this hot spell, sed Pa. How butiful is the greenwood, sed Pa. I doant blame Mister Robin hood for hanging out in the greenwood with his merry men, sed Pa. That was the life.

Things has changed since Mister Robinhood's days, sed Ma. In them days men liked the simple things of life. Now they all think of making munny & winning polittical pour, etc. Even you, sed Ma, sigh at times to be President. I have herd you say so, sed Ma.

There mite be worse Presidents, sed Pa.

Thare mite, sed Ma. Thare are sum terribul fatheads in this world in wetch we live in, sed Ma.

I like that, sed Pa.

I am glad you like it, deerest, sed Ma. Maybe, sed Ma, if you will show me that you reely luv Natur more than you luv the throngs in the city, I will consent to living out here & we can send Bobbie to town to school.

About one moar yeur of skool & I will know as much as you & Pa, I sed.

Herd our angel child, sed Pa. He is fittling moar like me every day, sed Pa. I guess Pa sed that to make Ma feel good, but I yud rather be like Ma.

Cornwell's Lemon Meringue Pie
CUSTARD fraught with the fragrance and taste of juice laden lemons. This cupped in French pie pastry, with bounteous sugar meringue atop.

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